GRANSIR.

A grand old man,
Built after the olden plan;
A muscular body, a massive head,
A man to value the longer he lives,
A man to remember when dead,
I wish you could see him
Sit back at his case
(Awake or asleep, as you please),
While he whiffs, and he whews
And I read him the news. "Who's killed to-day?"

He asks in his ancient way;
"And what have they stolen this time, my lad? Ind?
The rascals they thrive like 'pusley' in peasBad works, boy, bad—very bad!"
Then for that ludicrous perch of the eye
While the pipe gets a slide
To the other side.

A character:
When he begins, "i tell ye, sir"—
'Tis worth a whole book of your modern talk;
Then the silence after his "say"—
The solemn shuffle of his walk
And tamping of his cane.
Yor may not down.

for may put down When you see that frown, And the dim gray lights unusually clever, He's about to settle some subject forever.

He's so complete
From his head to his feet,
Inside and out so made to keep!
There's no one feature before the rest:
He makes you laugh and he makes you
He stops the hole is your soul;
He softens the tough
An leaves the rough,
As he snoozes and smokes
And preaches and jokes.

His children and wife His children and wife
Have gone to the better life,
And not a companion is left;
But he says: "They've only the start—tha
all,"
And you never would think him bereft.
He wears the calmest face on the farm,
And with a genuine stamp of Joy
Often declares he's "young as a boy!"
Still he smiles and he smokes
Between sermons and jokes.

A grand old man Built after the olden plan; A muscular body, a massive head, A man to value the longer he lives, A man to remember when dead.
Years yet may be limber his cricks,
This peerless old son of the past!
And may I be the last
While he whiffs and he whews,
To listen or read him the news!

—John Fance Cheney, in Sunday Afternoon.

A NEW GINEVRA.

She was an only child, her name was Gine Alexandrina Blanche Charissa Jones, And in her fifteenth year became a bride, Marrying an only son, Francisce horia. To whom her parents betrothed her at high the betrothed her at His father being well heeled with prospects

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast, The viands being on the table smoking, And all sat down, the bride herself was want

"Alexandrina binder."
This minute, or you won't get a bite?"
And tilled his glass to all, but his hand shock
A great deal more than usual,
And soon from guest to guest the panic

Twas but that instant she had left Francisco Laughing and looking back, and flying still Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger, Where she had bitten him, in turn for pinching her.
But now, alas! she was not to be found,
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess

But that she was not there!

Weary of life, Francisco Flew to St. Louis and was sunstruck; The father lived, and long might you have An old man wandering as in quest of some-When he was gone the house remained a Stient and tenantiess, Then was sold at sheriff's sale, And went to strangers.

Full fifty years had passed, and all forgotten. When on a day, a day of cleaning house, An old chest was noticed, and 'twas said." "Why not senove it from it's lurking place, And scrub behind it?"

Twas done as soon as said, but on the way It burst, it fell; and lo! a parchment, Cpon which in tremoting nand was writer
"Francisco Doria may be a very nice boy,
But not my style is he. I long have loved
Another—Algerson R. Duzenberry,
Who even now is waiting for me
With a coach and four,
At the corner of John and Market Streets,

So please excuse haste and a gold pen. Yours truly, Ginevra."

-Oil City Derrick.

JOHN HAMMERSTON.

An Illustration Drawn from Life. On Eternal Punishment, eh? That's the fashion just now. But don't you go to being pert, Rob, and telling, "what I think," and "according to my views," and twisting Scripture to support your ideas. Just remember there'll be men and women to hear the sermon who formed their opinions before ever you were born, and formed them from life, An opinion taken from life is quite a different affair, Rob, from one talked up by a company of good-natured theologues, adopted, perhaps, because the professor who maintained the opposite theory is a dry old fellow whom you wouldn't like to resemble.

The case with you, Rob, and with all those theological boys who come here visiting and eat my pound-cake and veal-loaf with such a worldly relish is: you've a good deal of sentiment, a good eal of sympathy and some vanity, and you'd rather stand and be shot at-by each other at least-than to be called 'narrow," or "blue," or "sectarian.

Not fair? Love of truth, eh? There are mysteries in life, Rob, and neither you nor I are going to solve them all. You've seen that little soft curl I cut from Julie's head the day after her mother died, and your uncle and I took her home with us; but I never told you much about her.

She was only 19 when she was married. A day or two before the wedding she and I and Mr. Hammerston went down to look over the house.

Hammerston had planned it himself, and of all the strangely constructed dwellings that ever I was in that was the queerest; but he thought it very superior, and when she suggested a few changes, he came down in his overbearing way, and I remember just how the pink in her cheeks crept out to her ears and up to her forehead. After that she praised every thing, and Mr. Ham-merston expounded his theories. He had theories about every thing, from the lowest kitchen cupboard to the parlor

It began snowing while we were there. and after Mr. Hammerston had gone for a carriage Julie sat down in the parlor low beside me. The carpets were down and the furniture was up, but there were no curtains. The snow was falling softand it was solemn in the house noody had yet lived in, as in a church. Julie slipped her warm little hand in-to mine, and we were both silent until she looked up, her eyes full, and says

"I've been thinking of that text,
Though thy father and thy mother for-sake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

It seems so wonderful that God should lead any one who knows as much as Mr. Hamerston to build such a house for an ignorant, homeless girl like me, and Hor hat had a little hird on it a hird with the softest plumage and a flame-colored breast-and I thought my dar

ling was like that bird-timid and innocent, but with a glowing heart, and a terrible fear came to me. I've sometimes thought it came to her, for her hand trembled, and she laid her head against my knee and clasped her other said, good riddance. We moved Julie ly Irish, have bought lots and establish-hand over mine and looked up, too back to her old home, and, though ed their dwellings. The plains are nearhand over mine and looked up, too ear oblush, and says she:

a great step, auntie! Um afraid I shau't be always gentle and always unselfish; but if I try every day to what he wishes, and ask God to help me, and keep on trying, I can't make any great mistakes, can I, auntie? Can

Then Mr. Hammerston came driving Hammerston.

Three days after she I've been to many weddings, and I've He lived three years, and he made his seen many a sweet bride, but none poor health an excuse for all sorts of through and through as good as my Julie

year or two—I noticed Julie's habit of quoting and defending her husband, as day tried to talk with him, Bible in some one had accused him. Your hand uncle, too, grew sober; but it was a sud-

again last night."

"Ille" asked I.

"No, he wasn't ill," said he. As soon as I could I went down to see my darling. She was very much dressd, to look pretty when he came out of his stupor, you see. "Mr. Hammerston isn't very well,

when he awakes. We've had an invitation to Mr. Gallandet's reception to-morrow evening. Mr. Gallandet is very fond of John, you know." I didn't dare breathe a word of sym pathy to her.

Hammerston wasn't the man to weep and promise amendment when he re covered. He was fault-finding and arbitrary, and grew worse and worse. Julie had read about the curative properties of coffee, and she made coffee, coffee, morning, noon and night, coffeepot on the range between whiles. She would talk to me and her minis-

subjects. Hammerston forbade her attending

church, and hid her Bible. Once when he came up here without her, I gave him a talk, and when I spoke of his own miserable eternity, he interrupted: "I expect to catch it for a little while, but I shall grin and bear it 'till it's over

Blodgett, the saloon-keeper, attemptthe deed to Julie, but she was weak, and Hammerston badgered her into signing notes with him.

I sent her wine that spring, thinking maybe it would bring back color to her but one day when I was there

Auntie, I don't wish you to send me any more wine. It's such an unnecessary expense, you know. I'm getting She held out the baby, and-dropped

After he had hushed crying she said "Next week I'm going to take him the church-meeting to be baptized. I ant you to stop at Mrs. De Laine's and ask her to send down his cap as soon as it is finished." Hammerston passed through the It may have been heart-disease, or it

oom, and said he "No, you aren't going to take him to be baptized. I don't have any such oling over my children." There were red spots in Julie's cheeks, and she sat for some minutes ooking steadily down at the baby, her

lips tightly closed, but when I was leaving, she said:
"Don't forget to call at Mrs. De "You won't take him, will you?"

"Yes," said she, looking steadily at the baby, "I shall take him."
She did. It was the church-meeting before the July communion; a arm, still day, beautiful as the days in Heaven, I reckon. The church parlor was full, and the windows being open, the air drifted in upon us, soft and holy

When the child was called for, knowme go out with you."
"No," said she, the bright spots coming in her cheeks, "no, it isn't your

as if it was God's own benediction.

I shall take him out alone-all Then she untied his cap-just a bit of satin and lace-and she smoothed one of his curls over her forefinger, and carried him out-my poor little thin-faced girl-and there were those red spots in her cheek, and her eyes burning, and her lips close-pressed! You could hear the bees humming in the locust blossoms outside, and the air stirring the leaves of the great Bible on the table, but when the drops sort o' glistened and fell on the baby's forehead, there wasn't the faintest rustle of silk in the room.

You could see people wiping away tears, for every body loved Julie, and every body knew what she was endur ing. Then there was the prayer-1 ve said and I'll say it again that it was had made it over the poor child and her child.

The men from Blodgett's had come out to sun themselves on the strip of turf before the saloon. As the baby' gravel, Julie's husband raised himself upon one elbow and stared at us. "Hallo, Ju!" called he; "that you,

She didn't say a word, and she hardy spoke all the way home. I thought she had rather be alone, and so I left

All the remainder of the afternoon she All the remainder of the afternoon she sat out upon her piazza, alone with her blacker clouds were driven. They came

The sun set beautifully that night, and you know how from that place you can mass that rolled over the Wallingford Several p The sun set beautifully that night, and see the evening purple come over the lake, and the lights gleam out from the village, and just how solemn and quiet it is there! Well, she sat there until fumbling at the gate and staggering up than vapor in its lightness. Incessant- night.

me about your taking the baby to be baptized this afternoon; did you take it? with interminable and deafening loud Did you, Ju Hammerston?" "Yes, I did. Jonn."

He started to strike her, but, staggering, you see he hit the baby and knock- on a different current of wind from the ed it on the stone walk.

It didn't kill him, nor it didn't make trees. A few drops of rain fell gently. him a complete idiot, but he was always | Men and women hurried to the windows what we mothers call "backward." Hammerston laid all the blame upon Julie and upon the church, and he the peril of that moment. Before a cry drank, and drank, and drank, until the could be raised, or preparation made to house was like-that place people don't escape,

believe in now-a-days. Blodgett came around pretty soon fell upon the homes of the poor. The with a security upon the house Julie had heavy clouds over Windermere Lake been coaxed into giving, and your uncle | seemed suddenly to drop upon the lake, again bought it, this time taking the and the waters were churned into foam deed himself. But Hammerston then with a great whirling and whistling. to care so much to have me pleased with took a notion that he wouldn't be under The winds from opposite quarters seem-

O, the life that he led her there! She is not quicker than was the advance made me think of one of these little from west to east of the column of wa-

All at once Hammerston disappeared, and your uncle and I between ourselves whenever a sleet storm beat against ly flat for a distance west to east of the house, or the snow drifted, or it about a third of a mile. Then the land rained hard, along in November, she rises rapidly to the ridge on would stand watching and sighing at the window, and though the trial that Wallingford Community had a waterboy was to her no tongue can tell, she had begun to look happy and to sing Lake. The whirlwind caught it, and again in little snatches, when back came it was crumbled as if it had been built

He looked like a ghost, and said he the lake was a poor cottage, in which

to go out, the scenes with him were past all description. Seeing him upon his death-bed, I one

"I don't want any of your blue orthodxy!" says he; "your own minis-ters don't believe in it. I've heard them talk. I expect to 'take it' for a while, but I shall 'stave' it through. A few years, more or less, make no great difference. Ju, Ju, I say!-

He died, Julie sitting upon the bee supporting him that he might breathe easier, her poor thin fingers stroking his hair, while she said : "Can't you put your trust in Jesus said she, "but I think he'll be better John? Can't you love him now, John?

But he died and gave no sign. Your uncle had already done so much for her that Julie now set her heart upon earning her own and Tony's sup port, and all the village helped her. When Tony was 14, Mr. Howard, the mill-owner, gave him work.

Mr. Howard, now, was one of those men who incline you to liberal views, ot much of a church-goer, and no great believer in doctrines but hating liquors, and full of kindness to the poor. bad a strange appetite for strong drink She would talk to me and ner that ter about faith, and providences, and answers to prayer, and seemed to think Blodgett. Many and many a time he would steal down there, and be followed would steal down there, and be followed. One day the mill stopped for repairs and Tony crept away to the saloon.

When the little sense the boy had was well muddled, down came a heavy freight train and "slowed up" before Blodgett's. Tony had seen ed closing his mortgage on the house, spring upon moving trains at the depot, and your uncle bought it off and made and he started for this. The men cried, "Board it, Tony

Blodgett was, at that time, just over the

from here; there, just beyond the cul

railroad track. You can see the place

you're good for it!" Blodgett laugh ing at the boy's sprawling movements until the tears ran down his cheeks. Tony caught at a car and fell back

began smoothing down his dress and flannels in a nervous kind of way, and the loveliest October day, hushed something like that day on which Tony was barried limbs taken off below the knee. Dreadful to hear about, isn't it?

It wouldn't harmonize, maybe, with our reveries in this plush-covered easy chair or your dreams over cream-tinted pages; but had you sat here that beau-tiful noon, you would have heard Tony's screams just the same, even though you had finished the most eloquent period upon the divine tenderness. The boy recovered, but Julie lived only a year or two. She died suddenly.

doctor didn't seem to know. Tony lingered two or three years. He died from this very room. Blodgett didn't die. He went out of a city where he wasn't known. He is

may have been something else. The

and has forgotten the past. Now, I shall leave you to finish your sermon, but just remember not only that you are to speak to people who've formed their opinions from life, but possibly to people such as Hammerston once was. -Eliz beth A. S. Chester.

THE TERRIBLE TORNADO.

rs Deadly Work at Wallingford, Conn.— Twenty-eight Persons Killed and John Others Isjured—Houses Swept Away, Leaving No Trace.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10 .- A Times special straightened. ome with more appalling suddenness. Friday afternoon was one of the loveliest of the season. Light clouds sailed across the sky until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, occasionally obscuring the sun. Then a few black clouds portend- loss is estimated at \$250,000. ing disaster appeared over Mount La-mentation, a high hill lying to the westartificial pond created by the Community people by damming the Quin-nipiac River. Wallingford lies between this hill and another not so high that

town. Hills surround the pretty village THE CLOUDS GREW DARKER tender and sweet as if Christ himself toward 5 o'clock, when the workmen about the village left the factories and the mills, and started for their homes. We drew the baby home, and I remember just how the sunlight fell aslant for their returning husbands, and only the trees in the Park, and on the turf, a passing glance was cast toward the and how it lay in door-yards facing the murky clouds that rolled over the westwest. It was a June afternoon, you ern hills. By 5:30 o'clock they had be-funeral of 25 of those killed by the torcome intensely black. Still there was no sense of impending danger. The utter stillness that precedes many thunder-storms settled down in the valley conducted by Rev. Father Leo, of Windows small carriage-wheels crunched upon the just before 6 o'clock. All the wind eemed to have died away, but aloft the a pace that many observers took alarm, and bastened through the streets to seek shelter. Lightning began to play in-cessantly across the low-hanging clouds.

WITH HORRIBLE SUDDENNESS change took place in the heavens. Unup from the west almost with the swiftnings flashed in blinding forks from he walk.

"Ju," said he, "Blodgett laughed at ing country with a lurid purple light, ne about your taking the baby to be while the thunder rattled and boomed

It was about 6:15 that a second mass of clouds was was noticed approaching northward, and some say there was also

A DEATH-DEALING BLAST obligations to any one, hired a tenement over Blodgett's and moved his family was lifted from the lake and went swirling up and up into the air. Lightning sweet white violets growing in the ter and the clouds that seemed to mingle with it. In a second it started on a forward course. Before it lay the sandplains on which about 54 families, mostwheel on the shore of Windermore

of straws. A few hundred yards from

shouldn't trouble us long, but he did. lived Michael Mooney, his wife Mary, and their sons Daniel and Michael Michael was in the village. With the outrages. When he became too feeble first puff of wind the woman attempted to shut the windows; the boys assisted her. Before they knew what had happened the house was

LEVELED TO THE EARTH A power irresistible carried the building, twisted into fragments, flying through the air. Mrs. Mooney was caught up and hurled along branches of trees, and over a telegraph wire, beyond the railroad, across two lanes, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, when she was flung down, battered, gashed, and bloody. The boys were blown through windows along with bricks, pots, and pans. Michael was carried into the branches of a prostrated apple-tree. Daniel was whirled away on the gale 150 yards, where he was flung down so violently as to have his arm broken, while his face was a mass of livid blue spots and deep scratches.

The wind swept on, taking every thing in its way. High Street and Wal-lace Row intersect Colony Street, and lead up over the hill toward Main On these streets were cabins Street. and a few neat new dwellings, and about them gardens thriving and well kept. In the twinkling of an eye

EVERY THING WAS CRUSHED and the fragments of what were but a moment before houses were carried aloft in the consuming gale. in Colony Street were lifted from their foundations and crushed, while the roofs went sailing over the plain toward the hill, crumbling into fragments as they

In the path of the gale stood the Ro-

nan Catholic Church, hemmed in on three sides by a cemetery. The storm, to judge from the appearance of the uin as it looked to-day, plowed into the foundations, pressing them away from the frame-work. Then the walls them away front and back, were crushed in, and the roof fell so as to cover all completely. A more complete wreck than this church could not have been made, except by fire. Opposite the church several little tenements, all occupied by large families. When the gale had passed, nothing remained to indicate that there had been houses there, except the gaping cellars and a line of ground of broken joists, fences, kitchen

utensils, and clothing.

In this spot, an eighth of a mile on each side of and opposite to the Catholie Church, THE GREAT LOSS OF LIFE OCCURRED It is a remarkable fact that every person killed was a member of the Catho-lic Church. In one of the houses lived Mrs. Downs, a middle-aged woman.

She was whirled away 500 feet, and

picked up dead and almost naked A hay-stack on John Lynch's farm was carried an eighth of a mile, and then dropped upon the side of the hill. All this destruction was done in much less time than it takes to write it. With appalling violence the wind swept up the hill towards Main Street, whirling shower of rubbish on the tobacco-field the hill, the district school-house stood

the "saloon business" and removed to and eddying about, and dropping successful and respectable, fat and jolly, below. Where it touched the brow of in its path. The edifice cost \$40,000 in 1870, and was a fine brick building of three stories and a Mansard roof. The wind struck upon its west front, pushed in the walls of the two upper stories. WRENCHED HUGE PIECES FROM THE WALL

and flung them into the yard and then passed on. In an instant the building was ruined Two stories stand, but they are pushed out of perpendicular so completely that they will never be

from Wallingford, Conn., says: No Looking back from the school-house man who has not looked upon the ruin toward the westward, about 50 feet bewrought in this place by the storm of low, at the end of a steep slope, is the Friday can conceive of the terrible force plain, covered with its carpeting of dewith which the elements beat upon the bris. The entire work of devastation in plains of Wallingford during the few moments it lasted. Never did storm windrow, half a mile in width in its widest part, and in that dreadful lane there were only two or three houses that still clung together at all, and these so badly twisted, tilted, and defaced that it will be difficult ever to rebuild them. The

THE SCENES IN WALLINGFORD to day were heartrending, and unmanward of the village. Under the foot of this hill spreads Lake Windermere, an school-house was used as a dead-house, and arround this the thousands gather ed, many searching for relatives and friends, and many curious to see the dead. Not less than 20,000 people flockruns parallel to the mountain east of the ed into the ruined village from all the surrounding country. Twenty-five families are homeless, and a relief sub-Twenty-five scription fund has been started, headed by Gov. Hubbard with \$100. Every thing possible is being done for the suf-Such a tornado is almost unferers.

precedented in this section. Burial of the Victims. MERIDEN, CONN., August 11 .- The nado in Wallingford took place to-day stead, assisted by three other Catholic clergymen. The jam was immense and clouds went tearing wildly along at such the scene one of great sadness. The cemetery was surrounded by a local company, the National Guards and 120 special officers. The interments made in fifteen graves. All the dead, except Frederick Littlewood, were of the Catholic religion, and the diocese will take prompt measures to aid the suffering survivors' relatives. People

of all denominations are contributing Several persons badly wounded remain in the Town Hall, of whom Richard Taylor, with his back broken, John Littlewood, concussion of the brain, and John Mooney, injured internally, near 12 o'clock, then Hammerston came this cloud, that was more like smoke are not expected to live through the

Mary Matthews, aged 10 months, died yesterday afternoon, making 28 deaths

Sharp Shooting.

There is a piece of rock standing on the ridge running up the South Mountain at Egan Canyon. One morning in 1863 an Indian was discovered standing Dreadful! This is life only. It has nothing to do with eschatology, you southward, bringing heavy black clouds by this rock, calmly surveying the scene below, and particularly the overland below, and particularly the overland station to the west, then garrisoned by a number of soldiers. He was so far off to close them, and home-going laborers began to run. Little reckoned any one duced by his appearance, and made a very significant gesture of derision and contempt for the soldiers. One of them determined to reply to his salutation, and fired at him from the station with a rifle, and, strange to say, with wonderful accuracy of aim, shot him through the head. His remains were buried behind the rock on the mountain; and in 1873 his skull, disturbed in some way from its resting place, was exhibited among the miners at Egan as a relic of the war and of the disaster which over-took the Indian, who was ignorant of, or conceitedly despised the long range. It was a shot of nearly 2,000 feet .- Cherry Creek (Nev.) Independent.

-For long walks or rides, however warm the weather may be, throw a light summer overcoat or shawl over your arm. A sudden change in the weather may otherwise find you unprepared, and checked perspiration will result in a cold.—Dr. Foole's Health Monthly

ALL the world over, baby governs. Yet often disease will overcome the baby, and then it is that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup proves its worth by conquering the disease. Price, 25 cents a

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

ter; when cooked through place on a hot dish; make a gravy with cream and flour; add, if liked, a little parsley;

Baked Tomatoes .- Peel and quarter of an inch thick; pack in a pud- a rule, and small boned. The head is ding-dish, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper, butter and a sprinkle of sugar; baked covered half an hour. Fried Mock Oysters .- To 1 pint of grated corn, not cooked, add 1 egg, 1 cup of flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 tea-spoonful of black pepper, 2 of salt; fry on griddle till it is quite brown.

To Keep Lemons .- Grate the yellow part of the rind, and squeeze the add to every 4 lemons a pound of sugar, and put in glass-topped jars. These equal to fresh ones in winter for pies, and can also be used for lemon-To Clean Carnets.-Take 1 pint of

hot water; add 1 tablespoonful

remove all stains or grease spots from finest of carpets without changing the color. Snow Sponge Cake .- 1 cupful flour, a little heated, 14 cupfuls sugar, 2 tea-spoonfuls cream-tartar, mixed with flour clining upward toward the hip; cl (no soda), whites of 10 eggs. This

onia; stir well together; with this so-

lution use a little toilet soap and it will

nakes a very white, beautiful cake. Spiced Currants.-Take 4 pounds of ugar, 5 pounds of currants, 1 pint of vinegar; boil 2 hours. Half an hour be-fore it is done add 2 teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, 1 of cloves and 1 of allspice. The the spices in a thin bag good cows with low rumps, but they Tie the spices in a thin bag before putting them in the currants. Water Muffins with Eggs .- 1 quart of

our, nearly a pint of water, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of yeast, I teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs very light; add the water and flour, beating all the time; then add the yeast, and beat until they leave the spoon. Wet the spoon, dip it in the batter, and drop a spoonful on the griddle and bake.

Tomato Soup .- 1 quart of tomatoes, peeled, cut in pieces and boiled in 2 quarts of water, with 1 large onion. After they have boiled 4 hour, slowly add 1 quart of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of 1 of pepper, rolled cracker suffisplinters leading into other lines that at last met in an unbroken covering to the small pinch of soda. This last is to prevent the milk curdling, and may be put in before the milk.

Chicken Jelly .- Take & a raw chicken, salt and pepper to taste; pound the chicken with a mallet (meat and bones together) till pulpy. Put in the sauce-pan and cover with cold water; boil till meat is in rags, and the water reduced to a: strain and press through a lander, then through a coarse cloth; add salt and pepper and simmer 5 minutes; skim when cool and press into a deep bowl.

Blueberry Pies .- Take 2 quarts of unripe blueberries (or more if you want more pies), pick them over and wash them; boil until soft, using just enough water to wet the bottom of the kettle It should be a porcelain, as tin or iron turns them black. When soft add 1 teaspoonful of butter, a little nutmeg, and sugar enough to sweeten to your taste. Bake with a top crust. This will make good tarts; or, by adding more water while boiling, will make a good sauce to be eaten with hot biscuit and butter

FARM TOPICS.

OUTWARD MARKS OF A GOOD COW. This subject to me is very familiar, and has been for the last 24 years. It is going over the same ground that has been gone over in every conceivable form that man's imagination could place it in, and always striking at the same epeated over and over again until every dairyman and dairyman's son is impressed with its importance and interested in the dissemination of such knowledge.

The growing magnitude of the dajry interests of our State is probably only realized by a very few, even of the most sanguine. I admit that I was ignorant of the extent of it in the wastern por tion of the State before being called upon to investigate this subject, though living in a dairy district myself-Bradford, Susquehanna, Wyoming, and Wayne all having a reputation for fine butter and cheese, and living very much upon that interest. With all this repution, I do say that I doubt very much if there is any other class of business that, as a whole, is done in so indiffer

There is no animal that has been bred so carelesssly for the business for which was intended as the milch-cow, and no class of men so blind to their own interests as the dairymen. They are, as a general rule, purchasing, feeding, and milking cows which barely, if at all, pay for their keeping; raising calves of the same sort from cows that are not fit to breed from; using sires without the least consideration whether they are from good milking families, or asking the question whether their dams ever gave any milk. With this reckless way of breeding, how is it to be expected

that dairying can be a success? To breed superior cows for the dairy the first point is to select your cows regardless of race, but do not purchase a ow because she is cheap—they seldom

if ever pay in a dairy. Such as have shown themselves to be leep, rich milkers, whose antecedents have shown and proved them to be good cows, and who stamp the same charac teristics upon their offspring, seldom, if ever, miss, providing they have a fair chance. By selecting a bull from a cow of the same good qualities and raising your own calves, I will guarantee that in a very few years you will have a herd of cows that will not disappoint you either in quality or quantity of milk, providing you give them the proper food and enough of it to manufacture milk from, for you are all aware that the cow is but a machine for converting vegeta-

ble substances into milk. - It is not always the handsome cow, I will soon describe to you, that gives the largest quantity or the best quality of milk, for I have seen among the natives some very ordinary ill-shaped cows that were extra fine milkers; but they, like all other good cows, were well marked, both in the escutcheon and the lacteal veins. I would breed from such a cow, using a thoroughbred bull with undoubted milking qualities, for it is an easy matter to breed all the fine points as far as beauty is concerned. If the judges at our county and town

points and marks of a good dairy cow, and would not have their judgment metry and other points of beauty in the lack of time. animal, but would carefully examine the texture and turns of the hair, the skin, flesh, and other signs and marks, and decide according to that rule, showing and explaining to the inquiring minds case, they would be doing their county or town, and in fact the whole country, a lasting service. On the contrary, I upon the subjects required of them nany of them showing little or no

to her coming into profit the second year. All cows are inclined to deterio rate, and nothing but good breeding and care will keep them up to the standard you wish to have them in for milk; and

you must not forget the color of their hair, horns, or muzzle. The best cows are of medium size, small and rather long, with thick, wide lips, which give the muzzle a flat aprance; eyes large and bright, with placid expression; ear large and thin, with soft, silky hair, and with rich orange-colored dandruff on the inside; horns set on a high pate, inclining for ward at the base, and light, tapering, and clean-the annual rings not deep (though depth of the rings indicates the condition in which the animal has been cept during the year; when well kep they are indistinct and blended together); neck long, clean, and thin, but not der-well cut up under the throat, and thickening as it joins the shoulder, giving the shoulder a finished appearance; the brisket rather thin, down, and clean from the dewlap; shoulders should be thin at the top of the blade, broad at the points, which should be nicely rounded-the shoulders lower than the hips; forelegs and equally and straight clean clining upward toward the hip; chine full, which gives a full appearance to road lines to, and across the Rocky the crops; ribs rather straight and flat, Mountains. Is it because these iron full over the heart, showing a strong constitution, for every thing depends on that in a milch cow. Loins broad and hips wide and high, rumps up even have in every case been otherwise uncommonly well marked. Pelvis should This is my notion; and when the elecbe wide, giving plenty of room for the trie agency in the formation of tail; twist wide, but well cut up, which clouds and storms is once concedin all good cows must be the case to ed, it will then be seen that a change in give plenty room for the udder. Thigh elimate, as far as rainfalls are concerned, thin; the hind legs should be a little is the natural and inevitable result. Last crooked, fine below the hock, with a autumn, soon after the completion of good sized long foot. Dr. Loring, of the telegraph lines from Texas across Massachusetts, says, "No cow can do the Staked Plains to the Rio Grande at the work of a dairy that has a small, the foot of the Mesican Cardilleras, short foot." The tail should be long predicted a change of climate not on and tapering, but I can not find any required length necessary. The udder should be long and broad, well set up between the thighs, with good-sized teats set well apart. The belly should sag a little in front of the udder and rise

as it approaches the brisket, and should be large as compared with the size of the cow. Now, after this general description of the handsome cow, we will go to the points which I am called upon to detail o you, and without which there can be little or no milk-for all good milkers have them. The hair must be soft, indicating a soft, elastic skin, which you will find to be the case by taking the skin in your hand, and if it be soft and pliable like a kid glove, you are safe for either milk or beef. If, on the con-trary, the skin feels harsh and hard, with a crackling sensation as it passes out of your hand, let her or him alone; you can have neither a good cow nor an animal that can be fed for beef. You

never saw soft hair grow upon such s skin. This is the first test. Next pass your hand under the belly of the cow, and you will find the so-called "milk-veins." They are an infallible ndication of the good qualities of a cow; the larger the veins the better are the ndications. In a very good cow you will sometimes find the veins branching off and making four instead of two, but they always join again before reaching the udder. The larger the veins, and the more irregular or angular they are the more sure you are that the cow is one of the first-class milkers. You will find two orifices in the belly of the cow where these veins enter, and they will be in size according to the size of the veins; they should be of the same size or she is a blemished cow.

We will now go back to the udder, which should be covered with a soft downy coat of hair, and in front of it the hair begins to turn its course back between the teats. Its width is to be examined, for the wider the belt the better and surer are the indications. This belt, or mirror, runs up to the pel vis, and must be examined, as the width without a break is the point in which Guenon forms his opinions as to his best cows, to which he gives the name of "The Flanders Cow." That, with the width on the thigh, is a sure indication of the best cows. I never saw it fail; the only trouble is, there are but few cows that have it in a perfect form There are exceptions, such as Guenon calls "The Bastard" and "The Bogus Cow," whose marks I will here explain.

The marks on a "bogus cow" are just the same as they are upon any of the classes, to all appearance, both in escutcheon and in their milking qualities. They are fine milkers, as far as quantity is concerned, for the first two or three months, or until they are again in calf. Within two or three weeks they begin to lessen in quantity and quality, and in a couple of months hey are worthless for the dairy. This know not only from inquiry, by ocular demonstration, for I have such a cow in my own dairy and have kept her for three years, experimenting upon her. As long as she is kept from preeding she is as good a cow as I have for quantity of milk, and of fair quality until after she gets with calf. This cow as I said before, has all the marks of a Flanders cow-large, knotty milk veins, large, wide escutcheon, running wide and full up to the pelvis; two mirrors, large and well formed, but upon examining the escutcheon closely I found the through the center of the escutcheon and up the pelvis long, coarse and bristly, different from any other cow I have in the dairy. The skin has a lightish red appearance. What little dandruff there is is dry and hard, very much of the road dust appearance. I have found but few first-class cows of the bogus kind, where they were born so, but I have found several that were made bogus by bad training and careless milking.—Capt. John C. Morris, of Susquehanna County, Pa.

The Children.

No home with young children in it should be without its "children's hour." The hour after supper can not be used to better advantage, even by the father and mother, than to give it up to "get ting acquainted with the children. with them if that is their Play mood. What zest it gives to their merriment if papa shares, or better yet, causes it! Or if stories or quieter games are desired, how happy and profitable may be the hour spent around the table. fairs were men who understood the And then what a famous time for the little knowledge-gleaners to ask questions, knowing that they will not b swerved by the general outline of sym- off by pre-occupation or the plea of a

The children will grow away from their parents wonderfully fast if there are none of these sympathetic bonds to hold them together If you can not spare more time, mothers, take off why they have given the premium in the little part of the hour and reserve it to accompany your little ones to bed. tle five-year-old Golden-hair and eightyear-old Charlie will get a composure am sorry to say, there is very little re- and happiness which shall launch them gard shown in selecting judges as to into sweet sleep, from a chapter read, their qualifications to decide intelligentsnugly put away in their little cribs. Scarcely any thing will extenuate sendknowledge of the business before them. ing children to bed grieved, or unhap-There is another point to be looked py, or angry. Patience is hard; childish after, and that is the training of the freaks and outbreaks, and even the exheifer the first year after her coming in- uberance of the blessed healthful spirits, to profit. A good heifer can easily be are trying; but coldness, and petulance, oiled by careless milking and allow- and selfishness, and unhappiness are ing her to dry up after being in milk a worse. Have you a "children's hour" few months, for she is very certain to go in your daily home calendar? If not, dry at the same time ever after. She suppose you try the experiment of set-should be well fed and milked nearly up ting one apart.

Climatic Changes on the Great Plains.

There is a remarkably strong conrast this year between the rain-falls in Cansas and west to the mountains and the Missouri and Ohio Valleys. In Missouri, Southern Illinois, Kentucky and eastward to the Alleghenies, since June, there has been a deficiency in the amount of rain, while from Eastern Kansas to the Rocky Mountains it has been greatly in excess. Evidently a great climatic change is taking place on the great plains. For fifteen years after the first settlement of Kansas and Ne braska, every year the crops suffere more or less for want of rain. Indeed so characteristic was this climatic fer ture that the soubriquet of "droughty Kansas" was applied to the region. For the last eight or nine years the crop have not suffered for want of rain, bu often from excess of it. The Upper Mississippi Valley since then has expe rienced likewise a remarkable change in the increase in numbers and frequency well of cyclones. I think it is within ! to say the latter have increased fivefold since then. It is a significant fact that the number of the earthquakes in California in the same time has de creased in the same ratio. But the most significant fact is that the commencement of this change is synchronous with the extension of telegraph and raillines conduct electricity from the mountains, the natural discharging points on the earth, the lessening frequency earthquakes there, and distributing where demanded under the clouds traversing the plains, forming more fequen and violent rain storms than forme the foot of the Masican Cardilleras, on the Staked Plains, but in the territory east and northeast of them. this prediction has been verified by the unusual quantities of rain in the Gulf States, the Indian Territory and Lower Arkansas. But it is not my purpose to inflict a lecture on meteorology upon your readers, at least not during the "heated term."-Prof. Tice, in the St.

Louis Globe-Domocrat. -The experiment of using superheat ed water for locomotives has been successfully tried on the tramway connecting Reveil and Marly-le Roi, France. The engines are charged with heate 1 to 180 degrees C., which is al lowed to vaporize as fast as required and by doing away entirely with furns ces in the locomotives, the dangers of explosions, as well as the cause of terror to passing horses are easily avoided. A locomotive propelled in this manner. and attached to two carriages, ascended a gradient of five miles and a half in the hundred at the rate of 16 miles an hour.

A TACK points Heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators .- Cincinnati Break-

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